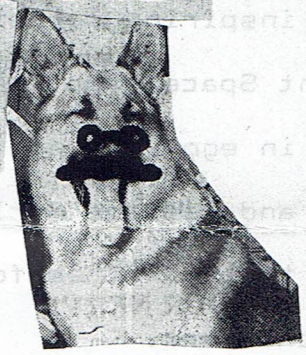
TAMMY FAYE'S SECRET WEDDING TO SHANNEN DOHERTY

...the 'zine for non-conformists...

Kiss 'n' tell hairdresser bares all:

MY NIGHTS OF PASSION WITH Rin Tin Tin



YOW!

HOT STUFF!

OW!

"IMMORTALIZE FLUFFY"...issue #1...

'SEINFELD'

drove me to drugs, says kid star

WOO! WOO!

...$1.25...

MORE INSIDE!

"IMMORTALIZE FLUFFY" THANKYOU'S...

=thanks to Amy "Jawhy, I luuuuve you!" Fisher and Joey "Ova Heeah" Buttafuco for inspiring us all soooo much.

=Jerold "Satan is good...Satan is yer pal" Rholetter for the guns. (Ha!Ha!)

=Doug "The Great Flatulator" Stephens for the office space and zerox machine. (Next time, how about some airfreshener?)

=The Great Psychic Bubba for the free fortune telling. (Sorry about the tarot cards. Mary didn't mean to knock over the candle.)

=Our parents for milk and cookies.

="SNL" for inspiring our sick humor.

="Monty Python" for inspiring our sick humor.

=Denis Leary for inspiring our sick humor.

=TSR for the Giant Space Hamsters...they were delicious (Vicki says they're best when dipped in egg yolk and rolled in Italian bread crumbs).

=Luccino's Pizza and Massage Parlor for the breadsticks, sauce and Doug especially wants to thank them for the stripper.

=Winn-Dixie for the beer.

...and finally...we'd like to thank all those who were wonderful enough to contribute to our lil' 'zine. THANKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKYOUTHANKYOU!!!!!!

GREETINGS...welcome to the first issue of IMMORTALIZE FLUFFY, the nonconformist's 'zine. We're quite excited to be bringing you our first issue so close to one of our favorite holidays...HALLOWE'EN! IM is truly devoted to all those who shun the beaten path and only live to be themselves. Our staff, at this moment, is taking a poll to find out the best way to get rid of the NKOTB once and for all...at the moment, it's a close tie between being smeared with honey and tied naked to an anthill and taking a trip to Miami with signs saying "Hi, I'm a German tourist!" tied around their necks. If you readers would like to get in on this lil' poll, please send your suggestion to us c/o PO Box 224, Walhalla, SC 29691. We'll mention the results in upcoming issues. Anyway...enjoy this issue and please order another! Oh yeah...and "Happy Samhain", you guys.

...IMMORTALIZE FLUFFY HATE/LOVE MAIL...

"WHY DON´T YOU JUST DROP DEAD..."

Dear Assholes, I´ve seen your ads for your stupid magazine and how you dis the NKOTB. All I wanna say is that you losas wouldn´t know a good band if it walked up and bit you on the damn butt! You know I´m right. -Lovin´ Them Foreva, Nebraska

(hahahahahaha...hohohoho...heeheehee...ahem...look, bite OUR butts, ok?)

Dear Immoratalize Fluffy, first of all, you´ve got a really stoopid name fo´ your ´zine, or whatever the hell it is. Secondly, where the fuck do you get off dissin´ my fave band? I´ve seen your type. Your a bunch of dirty lookin´ wierdos who dress wierd and listen to wierd music. I think your jus´ jealous ´cos we´re kool and you ain´t. You couldn´t even BE kool if you tried.-Donny´s Homegirl, California

(dear homely, first of all, learn to SPELL. secondly, what do you know about "cool"? you live for the latest trend and being part of the crowd. in our opinion, YOU could not be cool if your life depended on it. at least WE aren´t afraid to be ourselves. WE don´t care if the most popular guy or girl in school won´t speak to us because we wear black clothing and listen to real music. we LIKE being wierd, ok?)

"FINALLY, SOME NICE LETTERS..."

Dear Fluffites, I just wanted to let you know that I really am glad to see there´s another decent, offbeat ´zine out there. Especially one that doesn´t seem to mind saying what´s on it´s minds.-MSL, Florida

(thank you.)

Dear IM, I hope when you guys get your ´zine going, you don´t just concentrate on alternative bands like The Cure or The Smiths. I hope you´ll pay some attention to some decent grunge bands like Pearl Jam and Soundgarden as well. Keep on keepin´ on.-Shamefully Ray, Washington

(of course! being non-conformist isn´t just being an altie...it´s being anything that´s different. we realize the whole grunge scene has really been

prostituted by those pathetic trendies, but we also realize it was about being yourself way back in the very beginning. grunge is NOT dead, and we'll surely forever want to be a part of it.)

want to tell us what you think? we love mail...just no chains, please. but DO send us some letters! we'll print 'em all...though we do reserve the right to edit for limited space reasons only. but we promise to keep the spirit of your feelings true! just send your letters to us c/o PO Box 224, Walhalla, SC 29691.

MUMBLINGS:

y'know what i wanted to do for hallowe'en one year? i wanted to go cow tipping! can you believe it? i don't know what made me want to do that. i guess i was lucky that my boyfriend talked me out of it. with my luck, i'd have slipped on a pile of cow doody and the cow would've tipped on top of me. yeesh. well, i think this year i'll just dress totally in black, put on my wierdest silver jewelry and my long, black cloak and go wandering around some local graveyards. maybe not quite as entertaining as cow tipping...but maybe i'll run into some real, live satanists instead! by Pickles

"the crying game"...oh! oh!! oh!! you have GOT to see this movie. do it. now. right now. listen, okay...look, this is a really good movie. it's a very disturbing and sweet story of love and deception in the most offbeat kind of way. those of you who may be the slightest bit homophobic will find this movie incredibly difficult to watch. it's difficult to watch anyway. but i loved it! you will, too. jaye davidson is incredible...beautiful...a genious. warning: the first 20 minutes are kind of boring and draggy, but pay attention anyway because they're an important part of the rest of the movie. trust me...it's worth it. Pickles

THE PSYCHIC BUBBA'S 10 MYSTERIOUS PREDICTIONS FOR 1994...by The Psychic Bubba

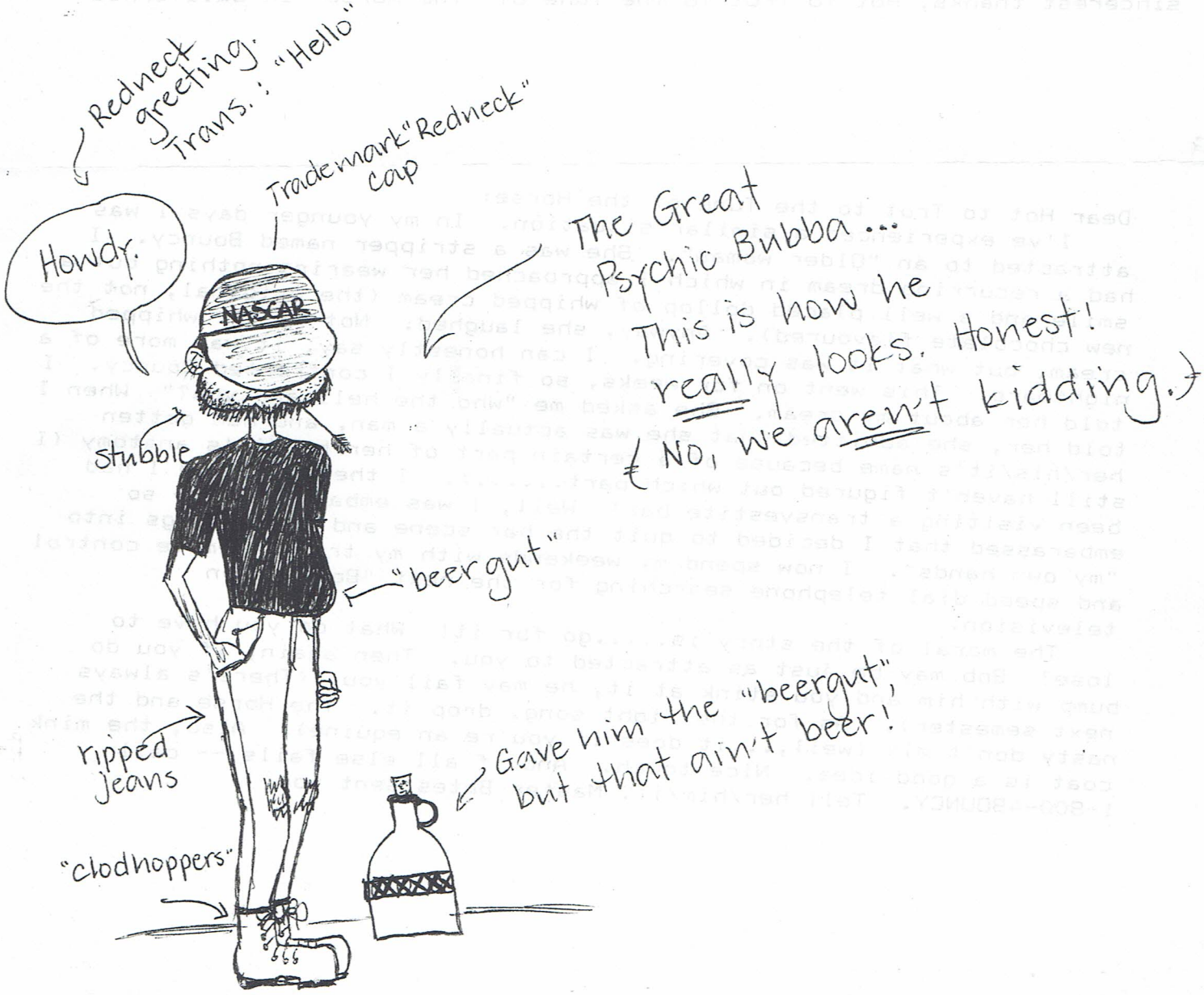
How-DEE, y'all! It's the good ol' boy of the spirit world hisself...The Psychic Bubba! Well, this 'ere's my first ever column, so I'm jest a lil' nervous. I hope y'all will bear with me. Okeydokey, then, here goes! In the year 1994, I, the great Psychic Bubba, do predict the following...

1. A man named Fred will shave.
2. Michael Jackson will cancel another concert.
3. Bill Clinton will break hisself another promise...with Hillary's permission, of course.
4. Another person will decide to quit smoking...and fail.
5. I'll enjoy another delicious brewski while watching my fav-o-rite pigskin team beat the shhh...er...DEFEAT another team.
6. That cute lil' hefer Liz Taylor will make newshead lines once again...I'm jest kinda fuzzy on how.
7. A man named Fred will shave.
8. Bevis and Butthead will have another episode where they'll laugh stupidly.
9. The south will riiiiise agaiiin! (ed.note-dream on, bubba.)
10. I, the great Psychic Bubba, will have 10 more mysterious predictions for the year 1995.

ATTENTION READERS: if you have any questions about your future for the great Psychic Bubba, write to him c/o us at PO Box 224, Walhalla, SC 29691. He'd really appriciate it. (Just between you and me, he's not much of a psychic, but we don't have the heart to tell him that.)

"IMMORTALIZE FLUFFY" DISCLAIMER PAGE...

Ummm...okay...about the cover...er...well...juuuust kidding! Hehhehheh. Really. Well...except for that RinTinTin thing...and believe me, buddy, did we ever call the Humane Society on THAT freak! Also, that is NOT Shelly Long in a beard...it's Doug in drag. In fact, all the pictures are of Doug in drag. Well...except for that RinTinTin thing, again. That's the Great Psychic Bubba in a dog costume. (Anyway, don't believe anything on the front, okay? Anyway...didn't your mother ever tell you not to believe everything you read?)



MASTER BATES... THE DUMB ADVICE COLUMNIST FROM ENGLAND...

Dear Master Bates,

I saw in an Immortalize Fluffy 'zine ad that you give advice. Well, I sure need some! Lately, I've been having these really hot dreams about my English professor who I'll call "Bob". In my dreams, I'm always coming up to Bob while he's grading papers in the university library and I'm not wearing anything but a mink coat and a smile, while the university band plays our football team's fight song in the background. I must admitt, it's making it very tough to concentrate in class. I'm seriously considering coming up to Bob after class one day and jumping his bones. What do you advise? With my sincerest thanks, Hot To Trot To The Tune Of "The Horse" in California

Dear Hot to Trot to the Tune of the Horse:

I've experienced a similar situation. In my younger days I was attracted to an "Older woman". She was a stripper named Bouncy. I had a recurring dream in which I approached her wearing nothing but a smile and a well placed dollop of whipped cream (the original, not the new chocolate flavoured). Anyway, she laughed. Not at the whipped cream, but what it was covering. I can honestly say, it was more of a nightmare. This went on for weeks, so finally I confronted Bouncy. I told her about my dream. She asked me "who the hell are you?" When I told her, she admitted that she was actually a man, and had gotten her/his/it's name because of a certain part of her/his/it's anatomy (I still haven't figured out which part.....). I then realized I had been visiting a transvestite bar! Well, I was embarrassed -- so embarassed that I decided to quit the bar scene and take things into "my own hands". I now spend my weekends with my trusty remote control and speed dial telephone searching for the next "Bouncy" on television.

The moral of the story is.....go for it! What do you have to lose? Bob may be just as attracted to you. Then again, if you do bump with him and you stink at it, he may fail you. (There's always next semester). As for the fight song, drop it. The Horse and the nasty don't mix (well,...it does if you're an equine). Also, the mink coat is a good idea. Nice touch. And if all else fails -- call 1-800-4BOUNCY. Tell her/him/it, Master Bates sent you.

BARGAIN BIN REVIEWS
with Nephi

Welcome to my first column! This column could consist of many things or might never return after this one, but for now I am going to give you my reviews of some extra special must-sees and must-haves that I have discovered and grown to love and worship.

MUST-SEE MOVIE: **Straight Talk** with Dolly Parton. This is one of my very favorite movies!! It is tacky and kind of cheesy, but very lovable for people who enjoy something that is down-to-earth and not pretentious. On video now!

MUST-SEE TALK SHOW: **Jane Whitney.** Check your local listings for this! Jane is the best host there is, and I rarely find myself bored with her show no matter what the topic is. Watch her for at least <u>five</u> nights in a row before making a judgment on her!

MUST-SEE CANCELLED TV SHOW: **Mama's Family.** If you are politically correct and think this show is awful, then I have got some advice for you: Lower your standards! This is one of the funniest and best shows ever to hit television. Check your listings for local times!

MUST-HAVE CD: **Margaret Becker, Steps Of Faith 1987-1991.** Margaret is a Christian singer, but she doesn't shove God down your throat. This album is a collection of her best songs, and even if you are skeptical of Christian music, give this a chance. It is very positive and powerful. I have listened to it a hundred times over.

MUST-SEE TV SPECIAL: **Kathy & Mo.** This stars Kathy, the woman from Sister Act and Hocus Pocus (remember that movie?) and Mo in their Off-Broadway play featuring several skits. This is funny yet very touching at the same time. Excellent.

Well, that's all for this column. I'm not sure what this will consist of in the future, but I would love questions, comments, advice, suggestions, anything from you. Also, Kathy & Mo aired several months ago on the Lifetime network, but I don't know if it will be shown again. And Margaret Becker might be hard to find, so if you would like me to tape either of these for you (Kathy & Mo on a VHS tape and Margaret on a regular Fuji cassette), send $5 to me. This is for the cost of the tape and postage. Thank you for taking the time to read this! This is my address:

Nephi
550 Normandy #1711
Houston, Texas 77015

Children of Chance

You can credit your birth to a luck charm
And your actual survival to the highest God
For you, my child, have joined The Chance
Fate has drawn the paths you trod
For years you have searched the ages
And years will lead you on
Because you have yet discovered
That your past history is gone
None will be able to track you
And from this world you can not flee
You have been given the gift of The Chance
You will learn to love your immortality.

TAG 5-9-91 8:18 a. m.

In 1990, West Germany and East Germany ended 45 years of postwar division, declaring the creation of a new unified country by tearing down that big fucking wall.

In 1991, Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton entered the race for the Democratic presidential nomination with his wife's permission.

Ten years ago: Former bank robber Katherine D. Ortega was sworn in as United States Treasurer.

Five years ago: "Discovery" completed its four-day mission, the first American shuttle flight since the "Challenger" went boom.

Kidnappers in Lebanon released Indian educator Mithileshwar Singh [redacted], who had been held captive with three for more than 20 months, mainly because they couldn't pronouce his name and didn't know what to call him.

Half-Vampire

No blood!
Don't look at me with those amber eyes
It truely scares me when you growl
But I look past the blood
And the soft milky white skin
to your heart
Your heart that is joined to my heart
Your heart that loves me
Each time I lay beside you
or curled in your arms
Your arms that hold me when I'm scared
or after we've had a fight
Our life together has no end
So hold me tight and love me
Quit teaching Temple naughty things
Kiss Kiya and Chance goodnight
And come to bed
Make sweet love to me, baby
As I entertwine my hands in your soft black hair
As our bodies entertwine
As the cool cave breeze dries our sweat
I'll always love you and our dreams
Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow...

TAG 9-19-91 2:08 p. m.

We're taking a poll!

"How many people deal with death as the subtext for everything they do?"

Tell us now!
Do you?

Dear Amy...

AMY FISHER TACKLES YOUR DILEMMAS

Advice with a heart.
And a T-Shirt from Joey's Garage.

Dear Amy,
I have this problem with my man. He's 10 years older than me but he said, like, age don't matter none, and that I was beautiful and that he loved me. We went out togethuh for like 6 months and now I just found out that he's cheating on me--with his wife. I can't believe that he'd do this to me. How do I handle this? Confyoozed in Brooklyn

Deah Confyoozed,
Shoot Huh!

Love, Amy

WRITE TO AMY! SEND US YOUR LETTERS TODAY...

Dear Amy,
My daddy won't buy me a new Camaro even though I turned sweet 16 three months ago. He said that he's trying to 'save money' but I don't believe him since he's spent all this money on stuff for my sister... He got her braces, prescription glasses and a lot of expensive pills that I know she doesn't need... Daddy says it's medication but I bet it's drugs. How can I make Daddy see that he needs to buy me this car? I'm sick of driving his Cadillac. No Wheels in Huntington

Dear Wheels,
First of all, show Daddy what it's like not to have a car by totalling his. Then he'll realize that you are in serious need. I really feel for you, girl. How can you get to the mall whenever you want if you don't have your own car? So if that doesn't make him get you one A.S.A.P., well, prostitution is always a fun and fast way to make the money yourself, assuming you have no other job skills. And if it dozn't work, shoot huh.

Love,
Amy

Dear Amy,
I come home from work late at night and sometimes I'm too tired to drive all the way home. What are the best motel rates on Long Island? Needs Rest, Babylon

Dear Needs,
I am putting together a brochure about motels on Long Island, since I've tried most of them. Write and send 50¢ to my jail.

Love, Amy

EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS GO OUT TO ALL OF OUR CONTRIBUTERS AND STAFFERS...

NEPHI IN TEXAS

MARY IN NEW YORK

TAMMY IN SOUTH CAROLINA

DOUG IN SOUTH CAROLINA

AND VICKI IN SOUTH CAROLINA

This is a chain letter. ...Do you see chains?! I sure don't. You must copy this letter twenty times, or just pass this copy on like I'm sure you will because you are incredibly lazy. If you send these twenty copies out within twenty minutes this is what will happen to you.....

You will find yourself out 2-odd dollars for copying, and another, oh, five or so dollars for stamps. (Because the Post Office is a cheap, shameless rip-off that tries to squeeze every last-lovin' dollar out of you just so you can send a Get Well Card to your Granny in St. Louis, but that's another story...) You will be swept with wonderful luck. Just MAYBE you might bump into your favorite movie star. (IF you live in New York City or Los Angeles, that is.) Or maybe you'll win the lottery. Whatever good happens to you this letter will get the credit for.

If something bad happens, that means that you didn't pass on the letter. Or if you did, and something bad happens anyway, well... You just must have had it coming to you!!! Here are some examples to put the fear of God into you.

Joe Blow somehow passed this letter on before it had been started, so we were able to record this: A bag of money fell off of an armored car at his feet right after he threw the twenty copies into the mailbox. But then he laughed about "a dumb chain letter", so momentarily later he found out that the bag of 'money' was in fact a bomb, so he got blown into smithereens. Tom Arnold didn't pass the letter on, so he got run over by a truck. ...It was a great big, accident, really...There was blood everywh--- ah, um, where was I...? Rita Smeeta got the letter, did the copies and passed them out, then sent a non-refundable money order for $39.95 to the address below. Two weeks later she got a two million dollar inheritance. (Or so someone said. I don't really know for sure.) Bill Bough got the letter, and tossed it into the trash. The next day he was found dead in his bed. The chain letter had been stuffed down his throat, and there were signs of a struggle. And do you know what the creepiest part was about it?? ...The letter... It was...It was... <u>Smiling</u>.

So send out your twenty copies and your non-refundable money order for $39.95 to the address below -- Never change the address, leave it the same. (This isn't one of those pansy little letters where everyone gets a dollar!!) Something good just MIGHT happen to you.

Chashem and Bleedem, inc. Box 7, Esopus, NY 12429 USA